

## THE PIRATE AIRSHIP;

or, Hot Air Harry's Hurtle to Happiness.

By Roy L. McCardell.

## Chapter I.

ANG! Bang! Bang! Each of the three girls wore one. Oh, you shut up! These ain't bangs; they're pompadours! Never mind, they look real cute, and Hot Air Harry, the motor working well, the Flying Dough-bag could escape him yet.

Boy Aeronaut, had had in his perilous calling too many hairbreadth escapes not to be interested. Which would he select as his helpmeet? "Twas his to choose, for he had risen high in the estimation of all. But alas, Hot Air Harry looks again. They are all daisy blondes. The brave may deserve the fair, but an aeronaut's bride may preferably be light, but brunettes are the safer sort.

## Chapter II.

"I accept your terms. To-day I dropped a lot of money in Wall street."



So saying, Hot Air Harry, the Boy Aeronaut, signed articles as sailing master on the Flying Doughbag, the palatial sky yacht of Henry Hankum, the most successful fiduciary grafter of the day. Henry Hankum was now floating airships. Automobiles were out of date. To get in the upper circles folks found it necessary to be sky scorchers. Airships came high, but they had to have them.

## Chapter III.

"Jumping aerostatics!" As Hot Air Harry said the words he leveled his telescope upon a low, rakish airship rounding a bank of clouds at the edge of the horizon. It was the notorious pirate airship the Coarse Air.

Henry Hankum's sky yacht was built for comfort and not speed, but for all that, with the wind in his favor and his

motor working well, the Flying Dough-bag could escape him yet.

**Chapter IV.**

"You must walk the plank!" As Blew Beard (because the wind blew through it), the scourge of the skies, said the words of his own making, all but his nose. No scandal now, it was solar oxide and not the pigment of rum.

"You will at least allow me to wear this cloak?" ventured our hero. "We are right over New York and I do not want to dirty my clothes falling through the soft coal smoke." The murderous Blew Beard snarled a sullen assent, and, whispering to Aeretta, Henry Hankum's beautiful daughter, to follow him, Hot Air Harry folded his cloak around his well-built form and sprang fearfully into space. Not to mention his newspaper notices.

## Chapter V.

A mile further down our hero opened his cloak and, pulling a portable parachute from beneath its folds, adjusted this aeronautic necessity just in



time to have his hands free to reach out and grasp Aeretta Hankum as she dropped down by him. "The catch of the season!" cried our hero as he pressed the clinging heiress closer to him, while howls of baffled rage rang out from the thwarted air pirate high above.

## Chapter VI.

Hot Air Harry picked up the money he had dropped in Wall street a few weeks before, together with a lot belonging to other people. The brokers had been so busily engaged in rubbernecking at the airships they had failed to see it. With the wealth at his command our hero fitted out a sky cruiser and at an altitude of two miles and a half sank the Coarse Air, together with Blew Beard, her cutthroat commander, and the villainous crew of the pirate airship.

## Everybody Works for the Captain. . . By T. O. McGinn.



## Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

"Who gave the bride away?"  
"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled: 'Hurrah, Fanny you've got him at last!'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Citizman—Well, well, looking for another cook, eh?  
Subbubs—No; I—  
Citizman—Why, you just said you were.  
Subbubs—I did not. I said I was looking for a cook. The others we've had were not.—Philadelphia Press.

"You say he is a great scholar?"  
"Yes, indeed. Why, that man has almost as many college degrees as the average millionaire!"—Washington Star.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "if you was as rich as Rockefeller, what would you do with the money?"  
"Oh," answered Meandering Mike, "I s'pose I'd try to be a good fellow, too. Only I'd set 'em up to breweries instead of colleges!"—Washington Star.

Tom—Now that your engagement is broken, are you going to make Clarissa send back your letters?  
George—You bet I am! I worked hard on those letters; they're worth using again!—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Nurlich—Mebbe we'd oughter get one o' these "family escutcheons" there's so much talk about. Every swell house seems to have one. I wonder what it is.  
Mr. Nurlich—Oh, I guess "escutcheon" is just Eretalian fur "skeleton!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

"I can remember when the wealthy Mr. Hildom didn't have a dollar of his own," said the man who disparages.  
"Well," answered the misanthrope, "it is said that he is still doing business with other people's dollars!"—Washington Star.

"War is truly a terrible thing," said the nervous man with a pallid face.  
"But you are not a soldier."  
"No. I am a stenographer and typewriter!"—Washington Star.

Slopas—I need a business suit, but I can't afford it unless it will do me for a couple of seasons. I'll order one if you'll guarantee to make it last.  
Tailor—Make it last? I'll guarantee not to make it at all unless you pay cash!—Philadelphia Press.

## Bits of Flotsam and Jetsam Picked Up in New York.

I was on a Broadway car (labeled Bowling Green and liable to stop at Houston or Murray). A man was slumbering in a corner seat. It was a redolent slumber that spoke of past and plentiful potations. Suddenly the woman next the sleeper sprang from her seat with a little squeak of horror. Every one else followed the direction of her tragic, wild-eyed gaze. Then the woman on the opposite side of the slumberer emitted a fac-simile shriek and jumped up. From the dozer's capacious side pocket a large, greenish, wriggly crab was squirreling. It balanced on the pocket's edge; then fopped over onto the car seat. Instantly it had all the room it needed, for as it sidled along the people nearest it gracefully rose to give it room. A second and a third crab crawled from the receptacle and followed their leader to the seat. By this time the tumult attracted the conductor. He entered the car.

"Get down!" he thundered heroically. "There is no danger!"  
Snatching up the three intruders he hurled them one by one through the open window.

"Avaunt, dread monsters of the wilderness!"  
The noise had awakened the slumberous fisherman, who came to his senses just in time to see his three harrowed treasures cast upon the unfriendly pavement without. Vengeance glowed in his eye. He leaped to the door in pursuit, but on the way paused long enough to ring the register six times. "Ten cents each you'll pay for 'em," he yelled to the furious conductor when he deduced the latter's rush and leaped roundward. As the car rolled on passengers could see him searching lovingly in the Woodburized mud of Broadway for his vanished darlings.

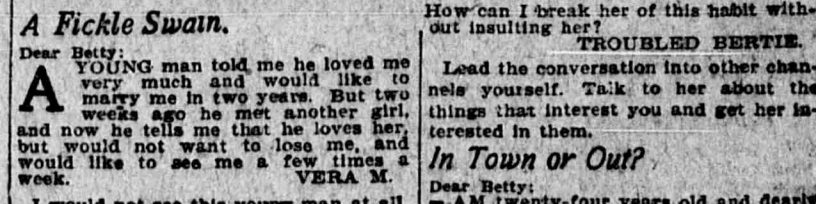
In Central Park there are to be seen some points in which the driver or equestrian is warned to "Go slow." Is this economy of space or ignorance? But a finer example of official bad English is to be found beside the reservoir wall in the park, where a small notice conveys to the public the information that, "Persons is forbid crossing these

errand!" Missed a long-haired, frock-coated man springing to his feet as the last crab vanished.

The noise had awakened the slumberous fisherman, who came to his senses just in time to see his three harrowed treasures cast upon the unfriendly pavement without. Vengeance glowed in his eye. He leaped to the door in pursuit, but on the way paused long enough to ring the register six times. "Ten cents each you'll pay for 'em," he yelled to the furious conductor when he deduced the latter's rush and leaped roundward. As the car rolled on passengers could see him searching lovingly in the Woodburized mud of Broadway for his vanished darlings.

Ding, dong, dell,  
Jack's working at the well;  
The clown has rigged him up so nice,  
He draws the water in a trice.

## Inventive Genius.



How can I break her of this habit without insulting her?  
TROUBLED BERTIE.  
Lead the conversation into other channels yourself. Talk to her about the things that interest you and get her interested in them.

In Town or Out?  
Dear Betty:  
I am twenty-four years old and dearly in love with a young man who seems to me a very nice fellow. I have met him several times since and have never explained why I left her. I have never found out she did not go with another young man. How can I win her back?  
Write the girl a sincere apology and ask her to give you another chance.

A Misunderstanding.  
Dear Betty:  
I went with a young lady about a year and I heard she was going with another young man at the same time, so I stopped calling. I have met her several times since and have never explained why I left her. I have never found out she did not go with another young man. How can I win her back?  
Write the girl a sincere apology and ask her to give you another chance.

## May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Shirred Yoke Waist—Pattern No. 5188.  
2-3 yard of all-over lace and 1-4 yard of banding to trim as illustrated.  
Pattern 5188 is cut in sizes for a 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Now to Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAT MAN-  
TUN FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always Patterns specify size wanted.



Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## HOUSE AND HOME HOMILIES.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

## No. 2—Good and Bad Light.

WILL some one please tell me why it is that lovely woman will spend \$3 and hours of her time on facial massage, a dollar on face powder, more time and nervous energy in planning and making her gown to get them quite becoming, and when she is all beamed and befrilled and beautiful she will demolish the entire effect by sitting under the most hideous light that ever illuminated a sorrowful town—the regulation gas chandelier?

Women will work and slave to make their homes and themselves attractive. They will buy the latest thing in bric-a-brac or pompadours, but forget that both will look their very worst if seen under the light of the family chandelier.

In the first place these gas fixtures hanging from the centre of the ceiling are usually ugly in themselves. Besides that they often cause the room to be furnished to suit the gas jets instead of the owners of the place.

Thus a table has to be put beneath so that tall people may not collide with the fixture to their constant embarrassment.

But this is as nothing compared to the harsh light that beats down upon just and undisturbed the white globe of the gas fixture, showing up and exaggerating every physical defect in the person who has the misfortune to come anywhere near the lighting range of the family chandelier.

A tired face looks haggard, a plain one positively ugly beneath this garish light coming from the middle of the ceiling in unshaded brilliancy.

If we could all afford to burn candles in our sitting-rooms, most people would be visions of beauty. However, candles are expensive. But sunlight can be subdued by shading or painting the globe and fixing a sort of screen, something like a doll's umbrella, upside down just where the fixture and globe meet, allowing sufficient space so that the screen will not scorch.

Of course, red or deep pink are the ideal beautifying colors for these shades. Yellow also throws a lovely mellow light around.

Where gas can be dispensed with lamps are preferable for lighting, giving a more homelike, a more subdued and at the same time a better light for any kind of study or close work.

The light from gas jets at the sides of a room can be screened and softened by decorating the globe in any of a hundred different ways, the easiest and most inexpensive being to cut pieces of crinkled tissue paper into flower petals, pulling them out at the edges and staining them a deeper color to resemble blossoms, then paste them on the globe. Pale pink or yellow paper petals with reddish edges make a delicate and becoming light.

Don't forget that in furnishing your house an ugly or garish light will detract more from the homelike and cozy atmosphere of the place than will any other one feature.

## The Housewife's Exchange.

**Lemon Butter.**  
BEAT three eggs, half a pound of sugar, one heaping dessert-spoonful of butter and the juice of two lemons, beat constantly and boil for five minutes. When cold it is fit for bread or crackers.

**Potato Puffs.**  
TAKEN two sustins of soda heated, spooned into hot oil, heat them in a 125° light and mix them in.

## The Fractious Hair of the Summer Girl and How to Keep It in Good Condition.



THIS is the season when each passage of the hair brush through their locks gives both women and men a certain shiver of dismay for to the brush cling many previous hairs that seem tired of their growing place and refuse to remain there.

It is the season of falling hair—season tinged with pathos for us all and the tendency to lose that crowning glory is to be fought with every device known to science.

When the hair falls out from want of proper attention and shampooing the remedy is obvious.

Nobody can lay down the laws for the treatment of every one's hair. People's hair is just as individual, just as different as they are themselves, and common sense and experience must regulate treatment of it. It is safe to say that for one person who washes her hair too often there are five thousand who don't wash it enough. Once in ten days the hair inclined to be oily should be washed thoroughly; once in two weeks for dry hair. When the hair falls out less after a shampoo and begins to fall at the end of a week again, wash every week.

Castile soap melted in boiling water makes the best ordinary shampoo. A little soda should be added, and the hair rinsed in several waters. Where the scalp needs stimulating massage the scalp with the following shampoo cream before rinsing off with hot water: Bay rum, three-quarters of a pint; New England rum, one pint; glycerine, two ounces; carboplate of potash, one-half ounce; borax, one-half ounce; carboplate of ammonia, one-half ounce. Massage the scalp and hair with the cream, and then rinse off with hot water.

For Flabby, Oily Skin.  
MR. B. B.—Here is an astringent for your face. The greasy condition of which you write, usually arises from bad assimilation of food or indolent diet and lack of proper exercise, and the formula I give you may be curative. Oil of sweet almonds, 200 grains; white wax, 10 grains; tincture of benzoin, 10 grains; rose water, 10 grains; pulverized tannin, 20 grains. This pomade should not be used as a massage cream, but should be applied after massage to restore shrunken or flabby skin. Where the oiliness of the skin is excessive the following lotion, applied two or three times daily, is excellent. Sulphate of zinc, 2 grains; compound tincture of lavender, 5 drops; distilled water, 1 ounce.

Scars from a Burn.  
I would apply the zinc ointment to the area you received from the steam pipe burn, and then dust them over with a good delicate powder. In case the zinc ointment does not agree with you, use a lotion half linseed oil and half lime water, but the zinc ointment is best.

Parasites Too Much.  
I, excessive generation, may be modified by this powder: Dilute of zinc, 1-2 ounces; powdered starch, 1 ounce; salicylic acid, 1 grain. Dust over.

For Falling Hair.  
MR. M. M.—There is no objection to the ingredients you have mentioned, for stopping hair from falling out, but for steady use I prefer the following:  
Too much bay rum has a bleaching tendency. Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, 1-2 ounce each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.

Beauty Hints.  
For Falling Hair.  
MR. M. M.—There is no objection to the ingredients you have mentioned, for stopping hair from falling out, but for steady use I prefer the following:  
Too much bay rum has a bleaching tendency. Cologne, 8 ounces; tincture of cantharides, 1 ounce; oil of English lavender, oil of rosemary, 1-2 ounce each. Apply to the roots of the hair once or twice a day. It is positively necessary that the scalp should be kept clean. Shampoo at least once a week.